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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1901.

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## A BIG SCOOP!

Hon. Perry Heath Compelled Mr. Machen to Resign.

### THE PRESIDENT INTERFERES

At the Solicitation of "Brother Abner" and Induces Mr. Heath to Withdraw His Acceptance of the Resignation—Recent Developments in Rural Free Delivery Boxes. Postmasters as Agents on Commission.

The Globe has been admonished that Perry Heath dropped into Washington the past week. We are pleased that this is so, as we desire to make use of Mr. Heath's corroborative testimony to some startling information, which, for the first time, is laid before an unsophisticated public. That this matter has been concealed successfully, is due to the high personages involved in the matter.

It appears that Mr. Perry Heath, satisfying himself after the investigation that for the good of the service Mr. A. W. Machen should be removed, or else that the superintendent, to save the ship, should be sacrificed, demanded and had placed in his hands the resignation of Mr. Machen, Superintendent of the Free Delivery. Mr. Machen, before preparing to vacate, resolved to make a fight and hold on to the last gasp. He summoned Abner McKinley to his assistance, and pretty broadly and plainly informed the brother of the President that he must save him. Abner tied him to the White House, and after a prayerful interview with the President, Mr. Heath was summoned into the imperial presence. In the soothing and diplomatic manner characteristic of the President, he soon made Mr. Heath aware of the impolitic position he had taken. He would inevitably result if the First Assistant Postmaster-General insisted in his course, and a polite but firm request to postpone or hold up the resignation.

Mr. Machen, Mr. Abner McKinley and the President know that the going is an absolute run. So does Mr. Perry Heath. Now, the question arises: "Why was this resignation held up?" The other question of "Why it was demanded?" is more easily answered.

Hypothesizing, purely on why the acceptance of the resignation was withdrawn and Mr. Machen permitted to continue in his position, we have a right to assume that it was because Mr. Abner McKinley could not afford to incur the enmity of the decapitated superintendent. Why should Abner McKinley interfere otherwise?

And why should Mr. Machen stand between Mr. Machen and his chief, Mr. Perry Heath, if his brother was not involved? The resignation of Mr. Machen was demanded by Mr. Heath, tendered and accepted. Why has this acceptance been withdrawn and Mr. Machen continued in office?

The public is interested in this juggling, in which the Chief Executive of the nation acted as umpire, peace-maker, intercessor, and indirect pander, and in which his brother acted the part of pleader, petitioner and advocate. The public must be aware that the Sunday Globe realizes the seriousness of its charge that First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath demanded and obtained the resignation of Mr. Machen for cause.

If such a statement is not true, the Globe is doing Mr. Machen a grave injustice, which it will confess, if either one of the four gentlemen named denies and we fail to establish the truth of the allegation.

What then? Simply this: Here is a high public official, of whom a man acquainted with the "possibilities" of Mr. Machen's position said:

"Machen is in a bad—fool or he is worth \$500,000."

We confess that this language, or its deductive inference, does little credit to the man who uttered it, as his alternative indicates, a very low estimate of human nature, but we repeat, here is a high official forced to hand in his resignation and the President of the United States at the request of his brother, induces or orders the withdrawal of the acceptance of the resignation in a special interview with his First Assistant Postmaster-General. Is this true or false? We assert it is the truth, and the whole truth, and challenge its success.

Passing this for the present only, as we shall, until disqualified, persistently reiterate "Why was Mr. Machen's resignation demanded and why was its acceptance withdrawn?" we come to the matter of free delivery boxes, and the latest phase of the absorbing subject.

ters throughout the country have been corrupted by the manufacturers, and whether the latter are under the supervision of some one closely allied with the fountain-head of the big job is the question? It has come to the knowledge of The Globe, and its source of information is thoroughly reliable, that postmasters at the main distributing offices act as the agents for certain manufacturing firms. They sell boxes on commission, some of them realizing one-half the proceeds of their sales.

The Globe publishes this information advisedly, on undoubted authority. Will the Postmaster-General have it investigated, and thus, in a measure at least, retrieve and vindicate the purity of the postal service? Will he let this matter go on unchecked and unrebuked, until Congress overwhelms his Department with an open investigation? It may be that an investigation is quietly progressing now, but The Globe has no positive knowledge of it.

A special agent, operating in Iowa, included in his report, written the past few weeks, that he "found postmasters engaged selling the boxes to farmers, and some of them receive as high as 75 cents per box commission."

The Globe presents this fact to the Postmaster-General as a basis for his investigation. Other things will develop as he proceeds. Are we not entitled to ask the head of the postal service, a member of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, to authenticate or disprove this charge and the still more serious one that his superintendent of the free delivery system was forced to resign by ex-First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, for cause. And if these facts are authenticated by Mr. Smith, we rise to inquire: What is he going to do about it? We shall not "pause for a reply," but continue our exposures for the good of the public service until the Congress of the United States assemble, when the matters here recited and all other developments will be laid before the body, to the end that the public service shall be purified over the head of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet officer, whose sworn duty it is to take cognizance of the charge laid before him by a public journal, the editor of which is responsible in law and fully comprehends the gravity of the allegations to which he gives publicity. It is up to Mr. Smith for the present, but Mr. Smith himself will be up against Congress when that body assembles in December next, if the policy is continued of ignoring the charges brought by this journal. Meantime, we shall continue asking: Why did Mr. Machen resign? Why did Mr. Perry Heath withdraw his acceptance of the same at the request of President McKinley, through the intervention of the President's brother, Mr. Abner McKinley?

### INTERESTING REUNION

Of the Collins and Cross Employees of the G. P. O.

Chief Clerk Collins of the Printing Office called the role of his family and relatives the other night to see if any one of them was out of a Government job. Here is the result:

The Chief Clerk and two sons, the latter both single and living with their father—Government Printing Office.

Homer Collins, brother of the Chief Clerk and a son of Homer's—Government Printing Office.

Walter Collins, another brother of the Chief Clerk, Union Building—Government Printing Office.

Miss Eva Cross, niece of Mrs. Collins, wife of the Chief Clerk—Government Printing Office.

Miss May Cross, niece of Mrs. Collins—Government Printing Office.

Miss Alice Cross, niece of Mrs. Collins—Government Printing Office.

Nephew Post, Union Building—Government Printing Office.

All being present and accounted for the Chief Clerk left off in singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," after which the male members of this interesting family who, by the way, have not a single vote among the whole outfit, held a council of war to determine if there was anything else lying around loose that they wanted, or if any relative on either side of the house was out of a Government job. The young son who had temporarily severed himself from the printing office asked if he could be transferred back to the Census Department, as he didn't think this Department would last more than a few months longer. His father slightly knitted his brows, and bade the youth have patience, take his sick and annual leave, and add it to the general stock. There were several relatives holding down jobs in other Departments unavoidably absent from the meeting, and the Chief Clerk ordered a recess until they could attend. The total number should be fourteen, and no family affairs could be transacted until all were present. It incidentally transpired that the annual pay-roll of this patriotic family with no vote reached in the neighborhood of \$20,000 for all told. Means to increase the family income will be devised at the next meeting, and the Chief Clerk was appointed a sub-committee of one to make a report on the methods of procedure.

Superintendent Ricketts has been running the Printing Office lately without any pretense of Old Man Palmer having anything to say. The Globe regrets the illness of the Public Printer. He is a nice old gentleman, in a natural senility from his great age. Foreman Bryan is on leave, and most astounding of all, Foreman MoFarland is booked for the Philippine Islands to take charge of the press in the printing office recently established.

Watchman George Wohlforth, of the State Department, died the past week and left a vacancy in the force which, of course, will be filled by one of the loyal old soldiers tramping the streets of Washington nit. Here is a chance to land Soldier Frett, who is mentioned elsewhere.

## THE RECORD BROKEN

The Land Office Lunch Rooms Conducted by Clerks.

### IN OPPOSITION TO A WIDOW.

Even the Water Closets Have Been Turned Into Kitchens—Government Clerks as Chefs, Using Government Gas, Time, and Money. A Loud Call on Mr. Dawson for Reform—The Numbers of Rooms where lunches are served.

Since the projection of The Sunday Globe its editor has been called upon to notice and criticize many glaring abuses in the government departments which were revelations to even residents of Washington, accustomed to many things of the kind, and which has at length, attracted the notice of the press outside, but this morning we lay before the public the most astounding and the meanest chapter of official malfeasance we have ever been called upon to expose in our more than a third of a century in the press.

In the Land Office, under Chief Clerk Dawson, whom it is but fair to suppose is in the line of the ex-Union soldier, clerks running lunch counters in opposition to the poor and frail little woman who has been given the privilege of the basement stand! Can meanness and avarice conceive of any lower depths than these well paid clerks, cooking, peddling and soliciting the trade of their fellows in opposition to the little woman who depends solely on her lunch stand for a living and has no other income?

The Globe is satisfied that when the following authenticated facts are called to the attention of Chief Clerk Dawson he will promptly suppress the opposition lunch counters of his clerks, who are paid by the public to render clerical service to the government and not staked with monthly salaries for the purpose of conducting ten cent lunch rooms.

Happening into the basement at the lunch hour we paid for and enjoyed a cleanly served and appetizing home-made lunch. Noticing the few present at such an excellently served lunch and the very moderate price demanded, we inquired of a gentleman who sat opposite us why did Mr. Machen resign in a building filled with employees. He answered to our intense astonishment:

"Because so many employees have lunch rooms."

This led to an investigation, and we paid for a hasty tour of the building with the following results:

We found in rooms 303, 333, 333, 157-9, 218, 248, 339, 107, 40, lunch counters in full blast. The clerks, or employees of the government were using the gas, paid for by the dear public, to cook the lunch. Rubber tubes connected with the cooking stoves and attached to the burners were as thick as the leaves in the vale of Valambrosa. The clerks were energetically and prescriptively frying, boiling and stewing, and all was hustle and bustle.

In room 157-9, a room 107-9, and 137-9, were water closets, and in one of these rooms, we noticed the most elaborate cooking! The food thus cooked in such an odoriferous atmosphere was brought back to room 116 and we watched with some satisfaction the hungry clerks eat it.

The typewriter's stand had a stove gently resting on it, instead of a typewriter. (We mean the machine.) The cover was artistically draped over the stand, and the clerical chef was busily engaged in preparing the lunch.

The little widow down in the basement wasn't in it. She had to charge a living price, and besides, the food she served lacked the palatable impregnations of room 107! Poor little widow, struggling against well paid government clerks and free gas; how could you expect patronage from men and women who were eating food cooked in a water closet?

## THE NEXT GOVERNOR

Of the Buckeye State Greets The Globe and Its Editor.

Columbus, Ohio, July 22, 1901.

MY DEAR COLONEL: I trust you will pardon me for not sooner acknowledging the very complimentary notice of me in The Sunday Globe of July 14, under the caption of "Ohio Democracy." I appreciate very much the many pleasant things said of me, and regret that pressure upon my time during the last ten days has prevented an earlier acknowledgment. I have simply been overwhelmed with letters, telegrams, and callers and unable to keep up promptly with my correspondence. Again thanking you, I am Very truly yours,

JAMES KILBOURNE.

### ONE OF HIS VICTIMS

Gives Mickey Lewis a M&D Rasp—Schofield's Winchester.

Jersey City, N. J., July 23, 1901.

To the Editor of The Sunday Globe: A friend having sent me your paper, I was very much pleased with it, especially the articles on Mickey Lewis and the Supply Division. I am one of Mickey's victims, but am managing to get a living, so can tell things that a person inside dare not.

Now, if there is any class of people I respect it is the ex-Union soldier. In that division were three ex-soldiers, as good clerks as there was in the Government service, but Mickey got his Pollock eye on them, and in a short time forced Mr. Paul to resign, and kept the others on nettle all the time, even trying to get them out. Mr. Paul, also Mr. Ballard, was forced out to make room for one McKinley (claims to be a relative of the Great William, which is a lie), whose only ability is his name. Then he got rid of another clerk—Mr. P.—simply because he knew too much, and filled his place with a nonentity; and so it has gone on until the place is filled with people of the latter class, until they are in each other's way. Three young men, among them Mickey's intended brother-in-law, used to spend most of their time out the back door smoking cigars, and when called in they would say, "Oh, Senator, I am in hopes to do something for your Mrs. P. shortly."

There was an investigation of the place when I was there, and when Congress meets I would like to have a chance to tell what I saw, of how they disposed of the ink and some other supplies.

In connection with the foregoing, The Globe has had a little bird whisper in its ear that Mr. Schofield, one of Mickey's clerks, has made a boast of using a Winchester on his ride. This is imprudent, inasmuch as if Mr. Schofield does we will never know what hurt us, but by making preliminary threats he establishes a case of murder in the first degree, and Mickey will have the honor of seeing him hanged at the county jail. Mr. Schofield's "Mississippi shot-gun policy" is only effective in keeping negroes away from the polls. It will not prevent The Globe from printing facts which its editors and successors can establish after the editor furnishes the corpse! The last time were were to be killed, two very respectable citizens were sent to the coroner's office, as "subsequent proceedings indicated no more" on this planet.—Ed. Globe.

### DOORKEEPER GLENN

Charged with Serious Offenses by a Mouse Employee.

The Globe is in receipt of a communication containing serious charges against Doorkeeper Glenn, of the House of Representatives, involving his honesty, integrity and moral character. The Globe can not publish communications of this character, where they are unsigned or unauthenticated, and as it is almost a matter of impossibility for The Globe to establish their truth without the assistance of their author, he will either send us his name or call in person. A few of the milder charges we quote as follows:

"Why is one William Keith, colored, carried on the rolls of Doorkeeper Glenn as an employee in the folding-room, credited to Representative Joy, St. Louis, but doing duty as butler for the said Congressman and never reporting for duty at the capitol?"

"Why is Paul Palmer, another employee of Doorkeeper Glenn, credited to Representative Palmer, of Illinois, drawing a Government salary and filling a position in Illinois of a private nurse, never puts in an appearance at the capitol?"

"Why did a certain House employee give the said Glenn a very handsome silver outfit for his table?"

"As the writer progresses, however, his charges become more serious and unprintable without proper corroboration. Hence they must stand for the present."

The justice administered in our police courts is attracting attention abroad. A woman recently arrested and sentenced to \$40 fine or confinement for one month in the workhouse for the crime (?) of vagrancy is in all probability innocent, or rather a person other than the one the police intended having punished. The woman ordered out of town, it is alleged, escaped en route to the depot, and her companion was run in and is now doing time for her with Stoutenberg.

## MAJ. E. L. HAWKES

And the Manila Hemp Company Monopoly.

### A VERY IMPORTANT INTERVIEW

In which it Appears that the Proposal Came from High Officials of the United States Government, Through Colonel Heistand to Work the Scheme—Major Hawkes Simply Hired as a Promoter.

It will be remembered that a few Sundays ago The Sunday Globe had a full exposure of the proposed monopoly of the output of hemp in the Philippine Islands, in which were interested many high Government officials, and of which Major E. L. Hawkes was the promoter. It appears we made a slight (?) error in favor of the gallant Colonel Heistand, and did not paint the thing as black as it really was, as may be seen from the following interview with Major Hawkes, whom The Globe accidentally encountered last night, and greeted thusly:

"Hello, Major! How are you? Where have you been so long?"

"I am all right, but say, that article in the Sunday Globe last Sunday misrepresented the facts. I did not originate the hemp scheme nor solicit aid from any Government official. Col. H. O. S. Heistand suggested the idea of forming a cordage company to manufacture rope and cordage at Manila, P. I., and control the output of hemp of the islands, and asked me to organize the company and raise the capital. After talking the matter over with the then Major Heistand, I agreed to undertake the formation of the company and raise the several millions required for the successful launching of the scheme. Of course Heistand told me at the time who was back of the enterprise, and named Adjutant-General Corbin, Assistant Secretary of War McKeljohn, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen, Assistant Attorney-General James E. Boyd, and named others, high and mighty, that would come in and make themselves useful with their 'fluence. In fact, it was a beautiful piece of work, and with the prospects of millions to be made, as represented by the affable major. I warmed up to the cause, and promised all that he required. I admit, though, if I had been a Government official at the time I would have given the matter more consideration before going into it, or, what is more likely, dismissed the matter with a distinct 'No,' but as organizing companies and raising capital for enterprises being in my line of business, I accepted to do what any honorable man had a right to do, viz: organize a company under the laws of New Jersey and in conformity with the laws of the United States."

The result, however, was bad, as after spending considerable money and time, Adjutant-General Corbin's horse became frightened and again carried its rider to the rear, and the balance of the gang followed suit, when, if the horse had only gone in the opposite direction, fame and fortune would have been ours, and these would now be sufficient rope being manufactured at Manila to meet the demands caused by dishonest officials, deserters from our army, and incidentally a few of the worst of the insurgents. As to Corbin himself, it does not seem to make any difference which way the horse runs, he lands on his feet and a brilliant career of promotion still pursues him, and by the grace of our esteemed President, and on the recommendations of our lordly Secretary of War Root, all have escaped punishment but not promotion, except McKeljohn, who, by the way, is the best of the lot, saying that McKeljohn is the best in the lot I do not intend it as a high recommendation.

By the way, Mr. Editor, I do not quite understand why Col. H. O. S. Heistand does not come on to Washington, and prove his honesty and integrity, while he is here, by denying his connection with him in the hemp deal. I am inclined to think Colonel Heistand's statements were true, and that he can prove them, otherwise the Secretary of War and Adjutant-General Corbin would insist that he report for investigation. Government by the People—when the people are McKinley, Root and Corbin—is a queer institution.

"Mr. Editor, did you ever think of or have suggested to you that Hanna & Co. runs the United States, but our little possession, the Philippines, is the property of the United States? Secretary of War Root and our gallant Adjutant-General. Give him another horse!" laughingly shouted the major, as The Globe man turned the corner in pursuit of a gentleman with whom we had an appointment.

This investigation of the rampant major's puts an entirely new phase on the Manila hemp deal, and leaves no doubt that high military and civil officers of the Government had the thing all mapped out and matured before Major Hawkes was called in as promoter and to raise the necessary capital. Nor will we be surprised when the investigation takes place that higher officials than even Heistand or Corbin will be found to have had a hand in the formation of the scheme.

As Major Hawkes shrewdly observes, if there were none of these high officials involved even the President's friendship for his former typewriter, Lieut. (Col.) H. O. S. Heistand, would not be permitted to stand in the way of the trial and dismissal from the military service of the United States of this disgraced officer. It is the certainty or the covert threats from Heistand, who is fighting for his commission, to make a clean breast of the whole affair, which has prevented the McKinley Administration from bringing him to trial by court martial, and which has secured Senator Hawley as chairman of the Senate sub-committee to stifle the possible preliminary investigation.

But this scandal will not stop. Major Hawkes is a fighter, and The Sunday Globe will remind the public from time to time, and Congress, when it resumes its sittings, of the outrageous attempted monopoly by high Govern-

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Latest News from all Points of the Compass.

### MARK HANNA AND THE STRIKE

Sued by a Pretty Stenographer—A Rooster That Drinks Whiskey and Fights Anything—Arrest of a Globe Trotter—Desembling and May Elapse and Wed in Spite of Watchful Guardians.

Cleveland, O., July 27.—Senator Hanna has, it is alleged, formulated a plan to end the strike of the steel men, but there is much reticence maintained as to its scope. Commissioner Bishop, of the State Board of Arbitration, has had several conferences with the Senator. Politicians here only see in this move Hanna's preliminary bid for the Presidency.

New York, July 27.—Frances T. Sauer, a pretty stenographer, of No. 209 West Eighth-street, caused the arrest of William H. Ellis, a Wall Street broker and promoter. Ellis, who is said to be a Cuban and whose right name is Jurlemae Enriquez Allesio, lives at No. 233 Central Park West. He gave bail in \$2,000. Ellis is reported to be a millionaire. In 1898 his name was connected with that of Fyane Moore, whose husband was convicted of blackmailing Martin Mahon, with his wife as a decoy.

Piedmont, Va., July 27.—There is a game rooster here that will fight anything, man included. He stays near the Cumberland and Pennsylvania station, and is a regular patron of the old stone saloon nearby. He drinks with all who will treat him, be they white, black, native or foreign born. He often gets drunk. He will almost empty a glass of whiskey without taking his bill out of it as other chickens do. No one owns him.

Victoria, B. C., July 27.—Lorenzo Prince, who is traveling around the world for La Presse, of Montreal, was arrested in Manchuria, with Marmon, his constant companion, under suspicion of stealing \$3,000 rubles. Marmon's passport was taken, and he was held for traveling without a passport. Prince telegraphed to the Russian Minister of Railways, and was released under his orders. He left Marmon in jail at Khabarovsk and proceeded.

New York, July 27.—The breaking off of a nipple on a water pipe feeding a big boiler in the six-story chocolate and bun factory of the Foye Manufacturing Company, at Thirty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, caused an explosion. Joseph Dooley and Charles Forsetti, firemen, were taken to Bellevue Hospital. Dooley died at 4 p. m. There was a panic among the 400 girls. None were injured. Smoke and steam got into the offices and a rush to escape was made, one only sticking to her post—Miss Teresa Bruys, the stenographer. George B. Goodwin, the chief engineer, was arrested on a charge of carelessness.

### RUSSEL SAGE'S NEPHEW

And the Two Female Census Clerks Who Know Him.

There is an unmarried lady in the Census Department so infatuated with the nephew of Russell Sage that, notwithstanding she knows he is married and has children, she visits him regularly and meets him, giving him what money she can spare from her salary. This sounds funny, that a Census clerk gives the nephew of fifty times Millionaire Sage money, but so it is. It is stranger still, however, to the general public, but not to the Census Department, that this lady has one of her bits in the penitentiary! We have seen the sons and nephews of more socially and politically prominent men than Russell Sage wear the uniform of convicts. We have seen other relatives of big public men doing their bit for criminal offenses, such, for instance, as the first convict in Senator Foraker's sister's children, what a difference—put in five years in the Ohio penitentiary.

This particular, reputed nephew of Russell Sage has had a career which no author of dime novels ever dreamed of inventing for the most improbable of heroes.

There is another lady in the Census who is not infatuated with Sage's nephew, and she is a widow, too. She has had some experience with him, as he ruined her husband and drove him prematurely to his grave a suicide.

What alias this scion of his uncle's millions goes under at present is of little importance; he is known to the police, and is in the doubtful class of "reformed ex-convicts." A few of his exploits are hastily summarized, in which he duped Americans and Englishmen with cosmopolitan impartiality. An irritating canal in Arizona netted this genius a sum sufficient to spend years in Europe, where he left one of his American dupes high and dry, and several Frenchmen, with a few heavyweights John Bulls.

He beat several prominent banks so dead easy that the bankers dare not present him without tipping off their hands and showing a confiding public what "easy things" they were in his pliable hands.

He finally descended to the gold brick fake, and notwithstanding that he landed several very smart and very avaricious individuals, he was landed behind the walls.

Since his release, as may be inferred, from the infatuation of the Census female clerk, he has been doing full time, his old line of business, and is still obtaining something for nothing, the shillaboth or motto of his craft. Of course, this condensed chapter is not written to cater to the vanity of Mr. Sage's nephew, who loves this kind of notoriety, but to admonish or warn the too confiding young lady in the Census that she is running right straight to the d— in keeping up an acquaintance with such a man, and no good can come out of her strange infatuation for such a character.

The Globe had to omit Mr. Tanner's favor this week. It is rather lengthy, and we had to pass it up for this issue.

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London, July 27.—The directors of the Metropolitan Railway have declined the offer of Charles T. Yerkes to introduce electricity into their system, partly because they are unwilling to surrender control of the Foye Manufacturing Company, at Thirty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, caused an explosion. Joseph Dooley and Charles Forsetti, firemen, were taken to Bellevue Hospital. Dooley died at 4 p. m. There was a panic among the 400 girls. None were injured. Smoke and steam got into the offices and a rush to escape was made, one only sticking to her post—Miss Teresa Bruys, the stenographer. George B. Goodwin, the chief engineer, was arrested on a charge of carelessness.

Stockholm, July 27.—The crops are seriously suffering as a result of the continued hot weather. Fire has devastated the forests of Jettland, Westergotland and the Smaland and Uppland districts.

S. Petersburg, July 27.—The Massachusetts State nautical schoolship Enterprise has gone to Antwerp.

El Reno, O. T., July 27.—Friday was the last day on which persons could register here and at Lawton for the drawing for 13,000 claims in the Kiowa-Comanche reservation. The drawing will begin Monday next.

Jackson, Ky., July 27.—L. Whittier, aged 80, a widower, and Bertha Robinson, aged 16, recently fell deeply in love. Whittier is rich, while the girl is poor but handsome. The children of the old man objected to her marriage, and they went so far as to keep him under lock and key for the past week or so. The old gentleman was determined; so was the young woman. Last night she got a ladder and went to the house where her sweetheart lived and with the assistance of her two brothers and while the family slept succeeded in landing the aged man on terra firma from a second story window. Two fleet horses were hitched near by and on the steeds they sped away to the county seat of an adjoining county and were married. The family did not discover the aged man's absence until the dawn of the day, and the ladder left under the window told the story of his departure.

Watertown, Mass., July 27.—The property of William Murray was recently attached for \$8,000 by Mary A. Murray, his daughter. The writ is returnable the first Monday in August. This is a most peculiar case, and before it is settled some interesting developments are anticipated. Mr. Murray is nearly 70 years of age, and a widower for many years. Some time ago he had a severe attack of illness and made a will, leaving his entire property to his daughter, Mary, who cared for him during his illness. After his recovery, about July 1, he married a woman of 25. The marriage was kept a secret for nearly two weeks, when his daughter learned of it by accident. She immediately sought legal advice, and the present suit was brought. The plaintiff has always lived with her father, and since the death of her mother, several years ago, she has kept house for him. The case has caused not a little comment in this town, where the family is well known.